

FOOTBALL NUMBER

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MIRROR

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by the Students of Phillips ∅ ∅
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


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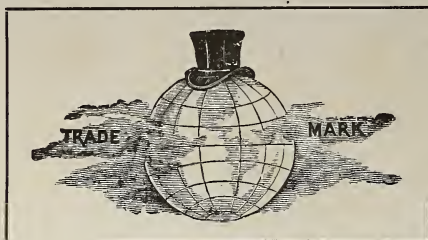
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**The Beginning of Rugby Football in
Phillips Academy.**

FOOTBALL of some kind has no doubt been played by the students of this Academy for many years. The older forms of the game were very simple. Whole classes, or divisions of the entire school, played on opposing sides; and almost the only rule was that the ball should not be touched with the hands except for a "fair catch," or at most struck or pushed, kicking the ball being the main feature of the game. A larger field than is now used was desirable, and the object of the game was for one side to drive the ball in some way over their opponents' goal line.

A spectator of one of our recent games who graduated nearly fifty years ago asked why the game is still called football, since kicking the ball has become so small a part of the play.

Rugby football, the game now played, was introduced into the Academy in 1875 by Thomas W. Nickerson, Jr., of Boston, a graduate of the class of '76, Harvard '80, General Theological Seminary, N. Y., '84; and the first match game was played in the fall of that year in Andover with the eleven of Adams Academy at Quincy,

Mr. Nickerson making the only touchdown for Andover. The game was won by the Adams boys.

In 1876 two match games were played, one against the Harvard Freshmen, which was lost, and the other against the Adams Academy eleven, which, to the great delight of the students, was won by P. A., thus making amends for the defeat of the year before. The first celebration took place after this victory, which was not very different from later ones except that only the principal was called upon for a speech, refreshments were served to all at the close of the parade, and there is no record of a bonfire.

In the fall of 1877 a challenge was sent to the Exeter Academy to play a game at Exeter. This was not accepted, but five other games were arranged, the one against the Harvard Freshmen, which resulted in a tie, being the most exciting.

The entire expense of the team this year was less than \$125, which was raised by subscription and chapel collections, there being no admission fees to any of the games; but in spite of the small outlay there was a final deficit of \$30, which, on appeal from their class officer, was made up by the Middle Scientific Class of 1878. The eleven used the old suits from the year before, and at this time no pads or defenses of any kind were worn by the players.

The 1878 eleven was the first to play against Exeter. Frank Parsons, '79, was the captain. This team was beaten by the Harvard Freshmen and Adams Academy, but won the other three of the five games played. Canvas jackets were first worn by the team this year.

The "Essex Eagle" of November 9 gives in its Andover column the following account of the game against Exeter:—

"The game against Exeter so long looked for came off last Saturday under the most favorable auspices. The weather was fine with the exception of a slight

breeze, which ceased before the first three quarters had been played. A large number of Exeter men were on the ground, as many as fifty at least. The most intense interest was taken in the game from beginning to end. There were many fine points made, and some splendid runs. Corwith, of Phillips Andover eleven, especially signalized himself by his running and dodging. Take it all through we have not had a more interesting game for two seasons. The school team made five touchdowns, but, as heretofore, failed to kick a single goal, the only one which was made being kicked from the field by Corwith.

"The visitors failed to get any touchdowns, excepting one which the umpire declared foul, much to the chagrin of the representatives of P. E. A. Phillips tried hard to take the victory calmly, but after the Exeter men had gone home gave vent to their feelings by drawing the eleven around to the houses of the teachers and extracting a speech or a cheer from every one."

From the "Phillipian" account of this game it appears that Parrish, P.E.A., and Belknap, P. A., were umpires; and Reily, P. A., referee.

The first number of the "Phillipian" was issued in October of that year, so that all the details of the game can be found in its files, which are kept at the principal's office. As a suggestion of how much the game has changed in twenty-five years, it might be mentioned that the players were designated as rushers, half-tends, and tends. To one of the rushers in the first Exeter game, who made two of the five touchdowns, Mr. Philip T. Nickerson of Boston, a younger brother of the Mr. Nickerson before mentioned, I am under obligation for many of the items used in this sketch.

M. S. McCurdy.

Monsieur's Mistake.

MONSIEUR le Compte Raoul Jean Marc du St. Anne de Castillon in spite of his somewhat cumbersome name was a good soldier and a brave officer. His father, who had foreseen for him a career for which *he* had no relish, if he should remain in Paris, obtained a commission for his son in the Regiment, d'Anjou, where he could enjoy the company of others of his own likings and yet be subject to a certain extent of discipline. The compte being slightly weary of Parisian intrigue had accepted the commission with thanks and had left the capital for his regiment, then stationed in Rochelle.

In the year 1778 in the reign of the great King Louis XVI the regiments of the French army were in a somewhat relaxed state of discipline and it was especially so in the Regiment d'Anjou, which was officered mostly by spendthrift young nobles, whose fathers had sent them into the army either as a punishment for their wildness and folly, or simply to get rid of them. There was but little to do with regard to drill or military matters and these young blades spent the chief portion of their time wandering about the streets resplendent in their showy uniforms of white and gold, ogling the ladies, telling stories, or drinking in the taverns. They were a gay lot but they had in them the fighting blood of many a great Turenne or Condé. But they were given no chance to prove their soldierly worth for several years, for by some strange mischance France was at peace with all the world and the regiment d'Anjou had nought to do but wile away the time in the staid old city of La Rochelle.

But the time was to come when these devil-may-care young soldiers were to be given an opportunity to show their mettle. It was in June of the year 1778 that a special courier came from Paris with dispatches for the Compte

de Marenne, the colonel of the regiment. Of a sudden all was of the greatest activity and other regiments began to fill the town; de Blois, Les Grenadiers de la Garde Royale, the regiment d'Angêlême and many others came marching into La Rochelle until the city was a veritable hive of soldiers. The gold and white uniforms crowded the streets and the great generals of the realm were engaged in long conferences with the admirals of the fleet in the harbor. And here and there was seen the crimson uniform of a British diplomat or his aides rushing here and there in a futile attempt to delay the embarkation. Or, now and then another uniform was observed, a strange new accoutrement, a livery of buff and blue of the new republic across the sea.

For Louis of France had decided to send aid to the Americans struggling for their freedom in the clutch of Great Britain and troops were being gathered for transportation across the Atlantic. The Count de Rochambeau, one of the best of France's generals, was given command, and on the 12th day of July, 1778, the great fleet left the shores of La Belle France and sailed away toward the New World.

Raoul de Castillon, lieutenant of the Regiment d'Anjou, was delighted at this change of position. He was enchanted at the thought of seeing America, that land of mystery of which he had heard much and knew little, with the thought of real battles, of fighting against his country's bitter enemy, and aiding the New Republic to its freedom. He pictured to himself the army of M. Washington, of whom he had caught vague rumors, and he imagined a heroic band of noble patriots clad in all the panoply of war and accoutred with every necessity of battle. He thought how good a showing his white and golden clad troops would make beside the buff and blue of the Continentals. He wondered if his own soldiers would outdo the patriots in courage or

strategy. He thought he knew certain of his comrades who would never stand the fire of an enemy without flinching, in spite of their daily boasts of what they would do when they met the English.

After a long and tedious voyage, the shores of America appeared in the west, and the great fleet sailed along the coast until a port was found, and there came to anchor until word should be had from Washington. This was not long in coming, for on the third day after casting anchor, a sloop came alongside the flagship and several officers in the Continental uniform came aboard. The troops were to be disembarked at once and marched to Philadelphia to join the Americans. The Regiment d'Anjou was the first to leave the ship and was immediately formed in marching order, and under the direction of one of the American officers began the long tramp to the inland. The other troops followed and ere long the entire army was on the march. Lieut. Castillon was struck most disagreeably with the appearance of the country. He had never seen a war-ridden land before, and the picture of wrecked farms, burned towns and ruined villages was not the most pleasant sight that he encountered in America. It was on the fourth day's march that they first encountered any Continental soldiers. It was a troop of Pennsylvania horse on a foraging trip, and their sorry mounts were heavily laden with corn, rye, hay, and poultry. They appeared delighted to see the French, and chattered incessantly with the American officers in their queer jargonish English. Their military appearance was somewhat of a dampener on the spirits of the young French lieutenant, but he said to himself, "Mordieu, these are only the scum, doubtless when we see the main army they will make a braver showing." After a twelve days' march they arrived at the great American camp near Philadelphia, and established their own camp near that of their allies. Rochambeau and several

of his officers went to the American camp to hold a council with Washington, and the other French officers followed to see what the army of their new friends might be like. To Lieut. Castillon their appearance was a death blow to all his hopes. They were for the most part a shabby, ragged lot, with many wearing British uniforms with the facings torn off, and the greater part having no uniforms at all. But they were very friendly and treated the young Frenchmen with great respect and to bottles of the vilest wine they had ever tasted, although the Americans seemed to think it was the greatest privilege in the world to be allowed to drink it.

The Frenchmen were thoroughly disgusted and returned home with an increased contempt for England since she was unable to subdue such a shabby rabble. Lieut. Castillon was especially contemptuous with regard to these allies of theirs. His remarks were so offensive that several American officers who were with him at the mess table, although they could not understand French, yet they came very near to sharp words with him on account of his acrimonious tone. What more was his disgust when the very next day his company was ordered to accompany a detachment of the third Maryland line on a foraging expedition into the country. But he was no man to be mutinous, so he ordered out his company bright and early to join the sleepy looking crowd of Continentals who turned out to meet him at the same hour.

With a few curt words in French to the young lieutenant commanding the Americans, who understood not a word of them, they set out, the ragged militia in advance, and the trim Frenchmen following in open order. They had gone about ten miles, and were plundering the well-filled barns of a Tory farmer, when the French bugler blew an alarm and the troopers came pouring into the farmyard only to see a large force of

British cavalry pouring through the fields from every direction.

Lieut. Castillon rapidly formed his men into ranks and looked around for a source of retreat. Only one remained. To the south of the barn a long narrow lane extended, with stone walls and pine hedges on each side. He ordered his men to retreat slowly into this lane and left a few to cover the withdrawal. The Americans had scattered through the barnyard and were picking off the troopers with unerring accuracy. The French gradually withdrew into the lane, and the British troopers charged toward the entrance to cut them off. Several of the soldiers fell, and the French were obliged to fight a hand-to-hand contest with the troopers to gain the lane.

The American lieutenant rushed up to his French companion and in broken French, English, and sign language he implored him to lead his troops out and back to the camp while he with his Americans covered the retreat. Castillon understood, and, fighting like a fiend, he and his command finally gained the entrance to the lane. The British troopers fought fiercely to keep them out, but the big Marylanders covered their retreat in heroic style until the French lieutenant was astounded at their courage. Down the lane the French went at a double-quick and the Americans remained at the entrance, keeping off the British until their allies were well away.

The French had gone hardly a mile when they met a large body of American horse, who were on their way to join the army, and hearing the firing were hastening to the scene of the conflict. Back they went, with the fleeing Frenchmen close behind, and when they re-entered the lane the British horsemen were nowhere to be seen, but the lane and the barnyard were literally filled with the dead and dying Americans who had so nobly covered the retreat of their allies.

Raoul Castillon was sore at heart with himself at the sight of these brave men who had died to save him and his command. In the very midst of the shambles he found the young American lieutenant coughing out his life with a bullet through his lungs. The impulsive Frenchman threw himself on his knees beside the other, and taking his head in his arms he begged his pardon humbly in French for the great wrong he had done him and his men in so foolishly misjudging them.

"*Pardon, Monsieur!*" he sobbed; "*tu es courageux*, heroic Monsieur. I was mistake. *Pardon.*"

And the little American officer, although he could not speak, understood what the other meant and smiled bravely. He had proved that men can fight nobly even though their uniforms be ragged and their muskets rusty and old.

Winslow Elliott, '05.



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His Vindication.

AFTER raining all the morning the sky had at last partly cleared, and, although the weather was rather uncertain, we had hopes of a good day for our game with Lawrenceville. Of course, being the last game of the season, we simply had to win. So far we had not been beaten, and if we should now defeat this rival we would be able to claim the championship for the year. They were heavier, so we had to trust to our own quickness and their fumbles to help us out. We were at a great disadvantage, however, for the field was very muddy and here and there were little puddles of water. I had played for a little while in the game with Exeter the week before, but I had not done well because I was rattled. It being my first big game, I had been so afraid of making some blunder which would be disastrous to us that I soon became very nervous and was not able to stop the plays which they directed against our line. I played left tackle, and as they knew that I was a new man they tried my position quite often and usually made a good gain. I was bound that I would redeem myself in this game, but when we came on the field wearing our new sweaters with the white A's on the front of them, although I was very proud of the fact that I was a member of the team, the terrible feeling that I might lose the game for Old Andover again came over me.

The captain really should not have allowed me to play after the poor work that I had done against Exeter, and he would not have done so had I not begged him to give me a chance to show that I was no coward. He understood how it was, even if the rest of the fellows didn't. I overheard one saying that I was a quitter and I noticed that a good many of my friends did not treat me as they had before that game. They thought I was afraid of those Exeter fellows, but it wasn't that. I

smashed into their line hard every time, but I couldn't seem to get their man. My arms simply would not hold on. I wasn't afraid of getting hurt, but it was the loss of the game which I dreaded.

After a few minutes of preliminary practice the two elevens lined up for the kick-off. Just before the whistle blew I glanced around at the bleachers. There were all my friends cheering for the team, and this gave me a little more courage. There were so many people watching us that I could not keep cool. I could not help but acknowledge to myself that I was not in a very good condition to play, but I would not have confessed that to anyone else. Well, it was our kick-off, and when at last the signal was given Raymond, our half back, got his toe well under the ball and away it sailed toward Lawrenceville's goal. Their full back caught it on their ten-yard line and ran it back a few yards before our ends could get down the field and tackle him. Then the real struggle began.

They could not make first down the second time, although they had brought the ball over four and a half yards. They were sure that they would gain their distance, and on the third down again tried breaking through our line. The back, who had the ball, was thrown for a loss, however, and we got it. Then we began slowly pushing them back towards their goal. On their five-yard line they held for two downs, but on the next our full back went through for a touchdown. Our man failed to kick the goal, and the score stood five to nothing in our favor. I had not heard any cheering until we came back down the field, but now I saw that our fellows were dancing wildly about in the bleachers and yelling for all they were worth. Everyone was wild with delight on our side of the field, but they were rather quiet on the other side.

It was their kick-off this time and we lined up to receive it. The ball came in my direction and I caught

it squarely, then rushed down the field. I was soon tackled, however, and we lined up. We again began to push them back. I was now gaining confidence and threw myself into their line with all my strength. In the centre of the field we were forced to kick and it was their ball. Then they began to push us back. We managed to keep them away from our goal, however, and the half ended without any further scoring on either side.

I was pretty well banged up when we left the field, but I was determined to fight it out. I remember how I kept reaching out my hands while the coach praised and scolded us at the same time. I did this unconsciously, for every now and then I seemed to see the face of the fellow who played the opposite tackle. He was a big fellow and I had had a hard time of it, keeping him from breaking through our line. The time seemed very short before we were called out into the field again. The captain was the only one of our fellows who had much of anything to say to me and it was very evident that they still regarded me as a quitter. He, however, showed that he was standing by me and was trying to bring the other fellows to do so too.

It was our kick-off and, after lining up, the ball was driven down to their fifteen-yard line. It was evident that they were going to play a line bucking game, for they brought their guard back on the first play. We managed to stop it with only a yard's gain by them, but the next play they went through my tackle for a first down. At last they had found the weak place in our line and now they began hammering away at it. Their tackle had a way of diving between my legs and tripping me, while the backs huddled over and made their distance. No matter how hard I played I could not stop them. Once or twice I managed to prevent very large gains, but sooner or later they made the first down. Now it was in the middle of the field, and

the captain, during a short intermission when one of their backs had been hurt, came over to me, telling me that I must stop those plays. We had a hurried consultation, but there was nothing to be done. They now began to try other parts of the line with large enough gains to keep the ball slowly moving down towards our goal. The twenty-yard line was reached, then the fifteen, then the ten. Our line was giving way on all sides. When they were only five yards away I became desperate. They had only one yard to make this time and were holding a consultation.

"Third down, one to gain," called the referee.

That meant "look out there, tackle; they are going your way." Then they got ready for work. I saw the quarter back pass the ball, and with one mad jump fell over their tackle and grabbed for a leg. I got it, but that was all I could tell, for someone stepped on my head. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground. Some one, it seemed far away to me, was calling for water.

The captain, who was bending over me, said to some one "He got an awful kick on the head." I could hardly see him, but I knew enough to say, "Did I get the back?"

He nodded and smiled, so I knew that it must our ball. I felt someone throwing water in my face then, but after that I lost consciousness. The fellows say that I got up and took my position at tackle after a few minutes, and that although I was a little unsteady at first, I was soon blocking my man all right. We punted out from our goal to the centre of the field. Then Lawrenceville began pushing the ball down towards our goal, but now they did not go through my tackle, for each time that they tried it they were thrown back for a loss. It seemed as though nothing could stop those fierce line plunges. The fellows were playing as well as they could, and I think that at last they realized

what my trouble was. No matter how much our captain urged, our men could not seem to break up the interference and tackle the backs. On the three yard line however, they took a sudden brace and held for two downs. The next play was sent against my tackle. It was so heavy an attack that I was pushed back a yard or two, and then I fell down.

My face came into contact with the wet earth. This brought me back to my senses. I staggered to my feet. The world seemed whirling around. On my left was the pile of fellows where the play was being stopped, just this side of our goal line. I leaned unsteadily against the goal post to rest for a minute. Suddenly a brown object came bouncing along the ground towards me. At first, being in a dazed condition, I did not quite realize what it was. Then I saw that it was the ball. By this time it had rolled over to the side lines. Everybody in the bleachers was standing up and yelling to the players.

All of a sudden I saw one of the Lawrenceville fellows rush from the pile towards the ball. Here was where the game would be won or lost, for if he should get the ball they would make a touchdown, and with the goal which would probably be kicked, would beat us by one point. I staggered towards the ball, collecting all my energy. I could hear the Lawrenceville fellow coming after me and only a few feet away. Could I make it? The people in the bleachers were breathless with suspense. I glanced backward. Just behind me was my opponent, but I could see, only a few feet behind him, our little quarter back. I was only a little distance from the ball now, but I could hardly run. Suddenly their man caught up and I knew he would soon pass me. Almost all my strength was gone, but I managed to throw myself down in front of him, and the next moment he tripped over me and fell. Then I heard a yell from our bleachers, and turning,

saw our man falling on the ball. Soon both teams were upon him, but the game was saved. We punted out of danger. I managed to stay in the game till our goal was safe, but then I fainted. Soon after, the whistle blew and the game was over. The fellows carried our team, all the team except me, off on their shoulders, for I was hardly able to move, but I knew that I had vindicated myself.

Walter Richardson, '04.



A maid so nice
With step precise,
She slipped, her care in vain,
And at her fall,
With usual gall
The school boys call,
“Third down, two feet to gain.”—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it;
All the people dead who spoke it;
All the people die who learn it;
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

GEOMETRY.

Of all the foolishness I've heard,
 'Midst affairs both great and small,
In things that are the most absurd,
 Geometry surpasses all.
You first take a line that cannot be,
 And then take a line that never was,
Then you prove something you already see
 Doesn't do what you know it does.
Next you draw a line and say it is straight,
 As straight as any stick;
Then turn around and straightly prove
 It's square as any brick.

ENGLISH.

Oh! English is so very hard,
 I'm really afraid I'll flunk.
I try my best to do my work
 But I cannot think a thunk.

AN EMPTY DREAM.

The whole town in a state of glee,
 Not e'en the mayor sent regrets,
The merchants gave a concert free,
 A college senior paid his debts.

Mirage.

A KNIGHT OF THE GRIDIRON.

I.

He walks with a limp, all tattered and torn,
From head to foot he's a sight;
On his battered up face is a look forlorn,
Don't laugh, this man is all right.

II.

He holds his handkerchief up to his nose,
For the blood flows out in a stream;
As a hero certainly he can pose,
For he's one of the football team.

III.

He's not afraid of a bruise or two,
He laughs at a bloody nose;
He shows his courage and spirit are true,
He's praised wherever he goes.

IV.

He's a man in every sense of the word,
This knight of our modern day;
He thinks of danger as being absurd,
All he wants is a chance for his A.

A. C. Hall, Jr., '06.

FEM SEM REPORTS.

It was about quarter to eight one dark night this fall when fifteen shadowy forms were seen stealing slowly and silently down School Street in single file. Each one carried under his arm an instrument, which now and then reflected a ray or two from the electric light at the corner. What were these forms doing here? Many a fellow asked himself this question, but no one seemed to know what their object was. Opposite the Fem Sem grounds they stopped and held a short consultation; then the leader, cautiously followed

by his comrades, stole across the street and on to the campus. So this was their destination! Still the mystery only grew deeper, for this was not Friday night. At this moment the Academy bell began to ring out its warning. Each one of the band, startled by the sudden sound, stood perfectly still for a moment, but then, realizing that nothing was the matter, they proceeded as before. Certainly this was suspicious. That sudden fear showed that all was not right.

They soon disappeared from the sight of the few fellows who had been watching their movements with great interest into the darkness of the Abbott Academy campus. Now and then a head would be distinguished against the background of the brilliantly lighted building, which may be seen any night from the R— house. For some minutes the watchers waited in silence, then there was a most exquisite burst of music from fifteen mandolins. As if it had all been planned beforehand, every light in the upper stories of that Fem Sem building went out at the first sound of the instruments. Every window was pushed up, and out of each was thrust one or more heads, while handkerchiefs were wildly waved. Suddenly one of the doors of the building was thrown open and some one came in the direction of the musicians. At the same time a policeman was seen approaching. With a loud yell all the serenaders took to their heels, nor did they stop until they were safely outside the grounds. Thus the well-planned attack ended in utter route.

A few days later, at about the same time, fifteen fellows were again seen coming cautiously down School Street. Again they slowly crossed the street and went into the Fem Sem grounds. On account of the darkness no one could see what they were doing, but they must have sneaked over to one side of the building. This time, however, there was no sound of mandolins, but instead were heard those thrilling words:—

“ Sweet shy Fem Sem why do you treat us, treat us so?
Sweet shy Fem Sem why do you treat us so;
We serenade at night, love;
Out goes the 'lectric light, love;
Sweet shy Fem Sem why do you treat us so? ”

Again the lights went suddenly out; again the Fem Sems leaned out of the windows. This time, however, there was no interruption and the program was successfully carried through. The mandolin club should be advised not to be despondent but to try again. Don't be discouraged by the fickleness of woman.

F. S. Chaser.

Further bulletins will be furnished by our special correspondent as the reports of success or defeat are brought in.

Editorials.

We wish to congratulate the school on the result of the Exeter game. This has certainly been a very successful season, and we feel that our victories are largely due to Captain Cates. There is no doubt but that he is one of the best captains, if not the best, we have ever had. We hope that next year will be fully as successful, and we see no reason why it should not be.

We wish once more to urge more fellows to come out and try for the MIRROR, both for business manager and the literary board. At present the board is very small and probably five or six will be taken on before the end of the term. Certainly some fellows now in school have the ability, but either because they do not realize it or because they are not self-confident, they do not come forward. If you can write at all try to make the MIRROR by sending in manuscripts for publication.

What we want at present are school or college stories, essays on interesting subjects and poetry of a lighter sort. For the Mirage short humorous stories are needed and catchy verses. Many a fellow can write such articles if he will only try.

The Board has decided to offer a prize of three dollars for the best story submitted on or before November twenty-fifth. We are not particular as to what the subject is, but of course at this time of the year, we prefer Christmas stories. The members of the Board are excluded from the contest. Manuscripts should be either dropped in the MIRROR box in the main building or handed to one of the editors.

As the number of those trying for the business manager's place on the MIRROR is only two, an absurdly small number for the position, several more should come out and try. The place is well worth having, and the competition should be close. Anyone wishing to

try should speak to J. G. Fuller, the business manager for this year.

One of the best ways in which you can help us out, and at the same time not trouble yourself in the slightest degree, is by speaking to our advertisers when you purchase from them in Boston or New York. Tell them that you saw their ad. in the MIRROR and you will let them understand that their advertising is doing them some good. You may be sure that all those who use our space are reliable firms, to say the least.

We have decided to devote a page of the MIRROR to Exchanges, and the magazine will from now on contain a few short poems or jokes selected from other college and school magazines.

We are pleased to note that Mr. A. G. Gould, a member of the MIRROR board last year, has returned to school and will again take his place as one of the editors.

Book Reviews.

RICHARD GORDON, by Alexander Black. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, \$1.50.

A well written novel of New York social and political life of today. The characters are well developed and the plot is boldly, almost daringly, unfolded. At intervals the story drags somewhat, but the rest makes up in interest what these few passages lack. On the whole it is a novel well worth reading, original and absorbing. The illustrations, which are by Ernest Fuhr, are fairly good though one or two seem slightly overdrawn.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY, by Francis Lynde. Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, \$1.50.

The American Revolution is a subject which has been so thoroughly used, or misused by the historical novelists, that by this time a novel on the subject is very apt to be condemned by many without a glance. But Francis Lynde certainly succeeded where others failed when he wrote "The Master of Appleby." It is one of the best historical novels that has come to my hands this season. The plot is excellently conceived and is firmly maintained until the last page. The hero is a departure from the usual run of historical heroes and the heroine is a perfect picture of a sweet, lovable woman. Altogether it can easily be said that it is one of the best told novels of the day. The illustrations are by de Thulstrup, the well known artist, and are of the highest order.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISPAIR, by David Starr Jordan. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco., \$.75.

Perhaps to illustrate the general idea of this exquisite little volume it would be best to quote a paragraph from the text. "In the presence of the infinite problem of life the voice of Science is dumb, for Science is the co-ordinate and corrected expression of human experience and human experience must stop with the limitations of human life."

And so it goes. No doubt the essay is of the highest order, but after a look at the opening paragraphs few will care to prove it. It is a well got up little volume, however, and the title page is a work of art.

THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE, Gelllett Burgess. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, \$1.50.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

'47—Joshua Clark, deacon in the Congregational church in Reading, died in that town September 28, 1902. For many years he was paying teller in the Shoe and Leather Bank of Boston.

'52—Rev. William A. Bushee has left his pastorate at Dunbarton, N. H., and may be addressed at Woonsocket, R. I.

'56—Rev. William H. Haskell has been pastor at Falmouth, Me., for thirty-four years. He has recently resigned his work there and is living at Amherst, Mass., with his son, Dr. Nelson C. Haskell, P. A. '83.

'61—Albert Newell Holt died in North Andover, October 29, 1902, at the age of 60.

'63—The F. H. Revell Co. have published "The Wonderful Teacher and What He Taught," by Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell.

'64—William A. Linn, for many years managing editor of the New York Evening Post, has written "The Story of the Mormons," which the Macmillan Co. publish. He has also written "Rob and his Gun," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

'65—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," edited by Rev. Joseph B. Seabury, has been issued by Silver, Burdett & Co.

'69—In the September Atlantic is an article, "The New Navy," written by Dr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia.

'71—Rev. Francis Wood Sanborn died October 8, 1902, at Marblehead. He was a graduate of Amherst College in 1875. He had been pastor at Yarmouth, Me., and at Newbury.

'81—Rev. Joseph Hutcheson is rector of St. Mark's Church at Warren, R. I.

'84—Lincoln Poor died in Andover, October 24, 1902. Born in Andover, April 18, 1865, a graduate of Punchard Free School, for several years connected with the Smith & Dove Co. of Andover and the Standard Rubber Co. of Boston, he was a skilled accountant in the Hide & Leather National Bank.

'86—Robert E. Speer has issued "Missionary Principles and Practice" from the press of F. H. Revell Co.

'87—Died in Needham, August 7, 1902, John Richardson Hall, who graduated from M. I. T. in 1890, as an electrical engineer. He was connected with the Bell Telephone Co. in New York and in Chicago.

'91—Dr. A. T. Osgood has gone to Berlin and Vienna for further medical study.

'91—Rev. Charles E. Park is a minister at Hingham.

'92—William J. Armstrong is with the Decatur Coal Co., Decatur, Ill.

'92—Theodore Carlton may be addressed at 463 West Street, New York City, and is associated with The Western Electric Co.

'92—Asahel H. Grant is teaching at Pittsburg Academy and he resides at 6311 Marchand Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

'92—George S. McLaren is a lawyer at 23 Church Street, New Haven, Conn.

'92—J. B. Neale is president of the Buck Run Coal Co. at Minersville, Pa.

'92—Samuel C. Pierce and Miss Elizabeth Howell Plummer of New York City were married at Jamestown, R. I., September 8, 1902.

'92—Dudley L. Vail is in the leather business at Winsted, Conn.

'93—Married in Andover, October 30, 1902, Miss Florence A. Burt to Winthrop Sherman Boutwell.

'95—Gilbert C. Greenway, Jr., is with Eugene Meyer & Co., stockbrokers, 25 Broad Street, New York City.

'95—Thomas H. Spence has opened a law office at 946 Wells Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

'96—Henry P. Wickes is with the Home Life Insurance Co. of New York.

'97—Robert S. Edwards is with the Rockland & Rockport Lime Co. of Rockland, Me.

'97—Charles Barney Gould died in Montclair, N. J., September 18, 1902. He was a member of the 3rd Regiment, U. S. Cavalry, and served in Cuba.

'97—Died in Methuen, June 2, 1902, Albion Hermon Russell.

'98—Frank T. Mason is at Santa Fe, Isle of Pines.

'98—Harry A. Peters, Yale 1902, is teaching Latin and History at the University School, Cleveland, Ohio.

'99—Samuel Noyes Douglas died in Providence, R. I., October 23, 1902, having been ill with consumption for more than a year. He would have graduated with the class of 1902 at Brown.

'01—Shirley S. Shattuck, a graduate of the Harvard Dental School, has opened an office in North Andover.



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